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Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

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## THE MAZZINI CENTENARY.

Worshippers of the ideal who found last month chiefly noteworthy because it rounded the first hundred years since the death of Schiller may find the present month mainly memorable as marking the first centennial of Mazzini's birth. A believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis might well be impressed with the fact that some six weeks after the German poet yielded up his breath the apostle of Italian unity became a living soul, and entered upon a

life which was destined to be consecrated to the same lofty aims, and to be crowned with a fairer vision ere its close. And those to whom the transmigration of souls is but a baseless imagining may find in the coincidence an apt illustration of the old figure of the torch-bearers, each handing to his successor the sacred light of the truth that in the end must surely make man free.

Different as were the circumstances environing the lives of Schiller and Mazzini, different not only in their personal bearings, but also in all those broader aspects whereby the eighteenth century was separated from the nineteenth, we must recognize nevertheless that the two men were inspired by one and the same patriotic impulse, one and the same gospel of human brotherhood, one and the same austere ethics of devotion and self-sacrifice. Each in his own way all his life long fought the good fight; each was a true knight of the spirit in thought and deed; and the memory of each remains to us as a shining example of fortitude in adversity, of hopefulness in discouragement, and of faith in an ideal whose light was dimmed for duller visions by the sullen mists of cynicism, and indifference, and selfishness. All honor to these souls, and to all kindred souls whose keen sight, purged as with euphrasy and rue, is fixed steadfastly upon goals too far-set to be discerned by the commonalty, yet surely established as the ultimate aims of human aspiration.

Mazzini was not without his meed of sympathy and fitting appreciation during his lifetime, and to few men have such tributes been paid as were bestowed upon him in his later years, and have continued to be bestowed, by the noblest spirits of the age, since his death. 'All honor to thee, thou noble Mazzini,' said Clough, writing from Rome in the last days of the Triumvirate, 'when from Janiculan heights thundered the cannon of France.' Carlyle, usually grudging of praise, called him 'a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind.' The Master of Balliol said of him that 'he had a genius beyond that of most ordinary statesmen,' and Mr. John Morley pronounced him 'probably the highest moral genius of the century.' Imaginative writers, too, have glorified him in verse and prose: he is exalted in Mr. Meredith's 'Victoria,' and Mr. Swinburne has constituted himself panegyrist-in-chief of him whose ad-

vent is thus prophesied in 'Marino Faliero':

'Men that hear  
His name far off shall yearn at heart, and thank  
God that they hear, and live: but they that see,  
They that touch hands with heaven and him, that  
feed  
With light from his their eyes, and fill their ears  
With godlike speech of lips whereon the smile  
Is promise of more perfect manhood, born  
Of happier days than his that knew not him,  
And equal-hearted with the sun in heaven  
From rising even to setting, they shall know  
By type and present likeness of a man  
What, if truth be, truth is, and what, if God,  
God.'

These are English tributes only, but they are the most effective for our purpose because of the witness they bear to the fact that Mazzini's teaching and example far transcend the limits of his own country and the hearing of his own compatriots.

In spite, however, of the praise thus accorded Mazzini by 'those who know,' we may still find here and there traces of the undercurrent of unsympathetic or antagonistic sentiment which during his lifetime sought to asperse his motives and belittle his achievements. Those who sat in the seats of the mighty found his ardent propaganda of republicanism — with its direct and vital appeal to the spiritual aspect of human nature — a force far more difficult to combat than the efforts of ordinary revolutionists, and they did their best to create the legend which pictured him as a criminal conspirator against the established order. Other critics were found in those who sought by more direct means and practical methods to restore Italy to its proper place among the nations, and who, with their partisans, endeavored to exalt those means and methods as the only ones really worth considering, oblivious of the truth that the moral regeneration which was the object of Mazzini's apostolate was the underlying cause of all that the *Risorgimento* accomplished — that without this renewal of the spirit neither arms nor diplomacy would have been of serious avail for so great a task. Such critics, in their zeal for the glory of Cavour and Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, have particularly sought to minimize the influence of the man whose silent labors prepared the soil for their harvest, and alone made possible the success which crowned their efforts. But all this 'cloud of detractions rude' has wellnigh spent its obscuring effect, and as the years that knew Mazzini recede from our immediate gaze, we may with more and more confidence echo the words of his poet:

'Life and the clouds have vanished; hate and fear  
Have had their span  
Of time to hurt, and are not: he is here,  
The sunlike man.'

The message of Mazzini, like the message of Schiller, is one of which our own age is peculiarly in need. Divested of its temporal accidents, it stands revealed as the quintessence of Christian ethics, restated in the terms of modern social conditions. It is summed up in one pregnant phrase, the duties of man, not conflicting with, but merely complementing, that other phrase, the rights of man, to which the French Revolution gave such ringing utterance. Here is the doctrine, embodied in a definition of the religious idea:

'That idea elevates and purifies the individual; dries up the springs of egotism, by changing, and removing outside himself the centre of activity. It creates for man that theory of duty which is the mother of self-sacrifice, which ever was, and ever will be, the inspirer of great and noble things; a sublime theory, that draws man near to God, borrows from the divine nature a spark of omnipotence, crosses at one leap all obstacles, makes the martyr's scaffold a ladder to victory, and is as superior to the narrow, imperfect theory of rights as the law is superior to one of its corollaries.'

What a clearing of the moral atmosphere would result from an infusion of this spirit into the social conflicts of to-day, with their sordid selfishness of motive, their petty and ignoble aims. To the belief thus formulated at the age of thirty, Mazzini adhered throughout his long life, never perturbed by passion, but calm in the faith that the fundamental rule of human conduct was to be found in this acceptance of the claims of duty as paramount.

'Mine is not the work of a writer,' he said in 'Faith and the Future,' 'it is the stern and fearless mission of an apostle.' But if it were not for Mazzini's writings we should find it difficult to understand his immense influence, and wellnigh impossible to realize the loftiness of his character. These writings are, indeed, a precious legacy from the age of political turmoil that gave them shape, and their value has by no means lapsed with the historical occasion of their production. More enduring than the monument at Genoa those fervent appeals to the highest instincts of our nature are likely to prove, and the Italian government has done itself honor in planning a national edition of his complete works. If any further excuse than this were needed for speaking of him in the pages of a literary journal, it might easily be found in those of his writings which belong to literature pure and simple, in the keen and graceful essays which he devotes to Byron and Goethe, to Hugo and Lamennais, to Carlyle and Renan, and to the great poet of his own race whose genius overtops all but the half dozen greatest in the history of all literature.

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'There is a charm in finding ourselves—our common humanity, our puzzles, our cares, our joys, in the writings of men severed from us by race, religion, speech, and half the gulf of historical time—which no other literary pleasure can equal. Then there is to be added, as the university preacher observed, "the pleasure of despising our fellow creatures who do not know Greek." Doubtless in that there is great consolation.'

The regret is often expressed that the Bible has been from our earliest years so often read to us and by us, so regularly dinned into our ears from the pulpit, and so quoted and para-

phrased at every turn, that we are incapable, at maturity, of appreciating its worth, spiritual and literary. Mr. Lang thinks it is much the same with Tennyson's poems: use has made them too familiar. To the boy Andrew, turning in weariness from Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy,' the poet of the Table Round dawned as a new light; 'a new music was audible, a new god came into my medley of a Pantheon, a god never to be dethroned.' Concerning our first loves in books, the writer says some true things.

'People talk, in novels, about the delights of a first love. One may venture to doubt whether everybody exactly knows which was his, or her, first love, of men or women, but about our first loves in books there can be no mistake. They were, and remain, the dearest of all; after boyhood the bloom is off the literary rye. . . . As long as we live we hope to read, but we "never can recapture the first fine, careless rapture." Besides, one begins to write, and that is fatal. My own first essays were composed at school—for other boys. Not long ago the gentleman who was then our English master wrote to me, informing me he was my earliest public, and that he had never credited my younger brother with the essays which that unscrupulous lad ("I speak of him but brotherly") was accustomed to present for his consideration.'

Mr. Lang's recollections of Stevenson are among the best things in his book. Although not of Stevenson's closest friends, he was intimate enough to feel the full charm of his brilliant junior. Here is his impression of the young man as he first saw him in 1873:

'He looked as, in my eyes, he always did look, more like a lass than a lad, with a rather long, smooth oval face, brown hair worn at greater length than is common, large, lucid eyes, but whether blue or brown I cannot remember, if brown, certainly light brown. On appealing to the authority of a lady, I learn that brown was the hue. His colour was a trifle hectic, as is not unusual at Mentone, but he seemed, under his big blue cloak, to be of slender, yet agile frame. He was like nobody else whom I ever met. There was a sort of uncommon celerity in changing expression, in thought and speech.'

And yet this smooth-faced, girlish-looking youngster was brimful of pluck. 'In Paris at a café,' narrates Mr. Lang, 'I remember that Mr. Stevenson heard a Frenchman say the English were cowards. He got up and slapped the man's face. "Monsieur, vous m'avez frappé," said the Gaul. "A ce qu'il paraît," said the Scot, and there it ended.' To Stevenson life was a drama, 'and he delighted, like his own British admirals, to do things with a certain air.' He was possessed with the inextinguishable childish passion for making believe, and it remained with him to the end. 'I have a theory,' says Mr. Lang, 'that *all* children possess genius, and that it dies out in the generality of mortals, abiding only with people whose genius the world is forced to recognize. Mr.

\* ADVENTURES AMONG BOOKS. By Andrew Lang. With portrait. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.



Stevenson illustrates, and perhaps partly suggested, this private philosophy of mine.' But the theory is by no means so private a possession as the author seems to think.

Of American writers, Holmes and Hawthorne are deemed worthy of a chapter apiece. With somewhat superfluous particularity Mr. Lang explains why he cannot reckon Dr. Holmes among the very great authors. No one presumes so to estimate him, and the Scotch critic does him ample honor in classing him with Dr. Thomas Browne, Dr. John Brown, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, as representing 'the physician in humane letters.' In this essay the writer incidentally refers to 'the witch-burning, periwig-hating, doctrinal Judge Sewall.' The epithet 'witch-burning' might be suffered to pass as a conventional and convenient fashion of speaking; but in the later chapter on Hawthorne Mr. Lang's evil genius has made him write 'of those judges who burned witches and persecuted Quakers.' It must be that our learned author, on mature reflection, will remember that witch-burning was never a New England pastime, or crime. The utmost limit to which the Salem frenzy went was the hanging of certain persons for alleged undue familiarity with the powers of darkness. Nineteen unfortunates thus met their fate on Gallows Hill, and a twentieth, old Giles Corey, was pressed to death for refusing to plead. Toward the end of this interesting paper on Holmes, the author appears to be guilty of something akin to the putting on of erudite airs with no sufficient cause. He says of the Doctor, 'How far he maintained his scholarship, I am not certain; but it is odd that, in his preface to "The Guardian Angel," he should quote from "Jonathan Edwards the younger" a story for which he might have cited Aristotle.' Has not that a very impressive appearance of superior learning, of an enviable familiarity with the writings of the Stagirite? But turn to the preface in question, and there you will find a footnote duly explaining that 'the original version of this often-repeated story [which the author has just told] may be found in Aristotle's Ethics, Book 7th, Chapter 7th.' However, it is not beyond the limits of possibility that this note was lacking in the copy of the book read by Mr. Lang, or that it was overlooked by him, or that he recorded its substance and afterward, in a moment of forgetfulness, credited the item to his own critical acumen, or finally that he read and remembered the note and yet wrote with no intention to deceive. He is at liberty to retort, if he wishes, with an 'honi soit qui mal y pense.'

Mr. Lang's relish for Hawthorne is noteworthy and commendable; but he perhaps does him a little injustice in the following passage:

'It is curious to mark Hawthorne's attempts to break away from himself—from the man that heredity, and circumstance, and the divine gift of genius had made him. He naturally "haunts the mouldering lodges of the past"; but when he came to England (where such lodges are abundant), he was ill-pleased and cross-grained. He knew that a long past, with mysteries, dark places, malisons, curses, historic wrongs, was the proper atmosphere of his art. But a kind of conscientious desire to be something other than himself—something more ordinary and popular—made him thank Heaven that his chosen atmosphere was rare in his native land. He grumbled at it, when he was in the midst of it; he grumbled in England; and how he grumbled in Rome! He permitted the American Eagle to make her nest in his bosom, "with the customary infirmity of temper that characterises this unhappy fowl," as he says in his essay, "The Custom House."'

A trenchant criticism on 'The Scarlet Letter' is worth quoting.

'The persons in an allegory may be real enough, as Bunyan has proved by examples. But that culpable clergyman, Mr. Arthur Dimmesdale, with his large, white brow, his melancholy eyes, his hand on his heart, and his general resemblance to the High Church Curate in Thackeray's "Our Street," is he real? To me he seems very unworthy to be Hester's lover, for she is a beautiful woman of flesh and blood. Mr. Dimmesdale was not only immoral; he was unsportsmanlike. He had no more pluck than a church-mouse. His miserable passion was degraded by its brevity; how could he see this woman's disgrace for seven long years, and never pluck up heart either to share her shame or peccare fortiter? He is a lay figure, very cleverly but somewhat conventionally made and painted. The vengeful husband of Hester, Roger Chillingworth, is a Mr. Casaubon stung into jealous anger. . . . The person of Roger Chillingworth and his conduct are a little too melodramatic for Hawthorne's genius.'

A considerable number of excellent plots for novels and tales are unthrifly given to the public in this book—because of the plot-maker's constitutional inability (so he thinks) to write fiction. 'Unluckily,' he sadly confesses, 'my brain is not capable of this aesthetic malady, and to save my life, or to "milk a fine warm cow rain," as the Zulus say, I could not write a novel, or even a short story.' And again, 'As Mr. Stevenson says, a man must view "his very trifling enterprise with a gravity that would befit the cares of empire, and think the smallest improvement worth accomplishing at any expense of time and industry. The book, the statue, the sonata, must be gone upon with the unreasoning good faith and the unflagging spirit of children at their play." This is true; that is the worst of it. The man, the writer, over whom the irresistible desire to mock at himself, his work, his puppets and their fortune, has power, will never be a novelist. The novelist must "make believe very much"; he must be in earnest with his characters. But how to be in earnest, how to keep the note of dis-



belief and derision "out of the memorial"? Ah, there is the difficulty, but it is a difficulty of which many authors appear to be insensible. Perhaps they suffer from no such temptations. One author, however, who could mock at his puppets and yet write successful novels, will probably occur to the reader. The very charm of 'Vanity Fair' is partly due to Thackeray's refusal to take himself too seriously.

Last and among the best of Mr. Lang's essays is one on 'The Boy.' For awful examples of priggish precocity we are referred to the boyhood of John Stuart Mill, and to that of Bishop Thirlwall, who 'at four read Greek with an ease and fluency which astonished all who heard him,' at seven wrote an essay 'On the Uncertainty of Human Life,' and at eleven published a volume of 'Primitia' which went through three editions in two years. His infant sermons, thirty-nine in number—the same as the Articles—occupy most of this small volume. Listen to the little preacher of ten as he piously deplores the latter-day desecration of the Sabbath. 'I confess,' he sighs, 'when I look upon the present and past state of our public morals, and when I contrast our present luxury, dissipation, and depravity, with past frugality and virtue, I feel not merely a sensation of regret, but also of terror for the result of the change.' One marvels that such a child survived his infancy. Other chapters of 'Adventures,' which can here be little more than named, have to do with 'Rab's Friends,' 'Mr. Morris's Poems'—especially the earlier ones, which Mr. Lang thinks the best,—'Mrs. Radcliffe's Novels,' 'A Scottish Romanticist of 1830'—to wit, Thomas T. Stoddart, angler and poet,—'The Confessions of Saint Augustine'—wherein a curious parallel is drawn between Augustine and Catullus,—'Smollett,' 'The Paradise of Poets,' 'Paris and Helen,' 'Enchanted Cigarettes'—literary projects that one dreams over but never executes,—'The Supernatural in Fiction,' and 'An Old Scottish Psychical Researcher,' discovered in the person of George Sinclair, professor of philosophy at Glasgow in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

Those who have a taste for books about books will hunt long before they will find one more tickling to the palate than Mr. Lang's 'Adventures among Books.' These chapters, it is true, are reprints of magazine articles, but mostly of a date sufficiently remote to make their reappearance practically equivalent to a fresh appearance. The fine frontispiece portrait in photogravure is after a painting by Sir William Richmond, R.A., which, we are told, 'was done about the time when most of the Essays were written—and that was not yesterday.'

PERCY F. BICKNELL

#### THE TROUBLED TALE OF ERIN.\*

The persistence of Irish nationality is one of the marvels of history. Wave after wave of invasion has rolled over the island from legendary times to recent centuries, yet after each invasion the country and people were still predominantly Irish. Internal warfare decimated its population in the middle ages; thousands perished later in the vain effort to dislodge the English conqueror; half a million Irish exiles fell on Continental battle-fields in the eighteenth century; hundreds of thousands died yearly in the terrible period of famine in the early part of Queen Victoria's reign; several millions found homes in our own country; and yet, after all these ages of national discouragement, Ireland is still Irish and the Celtic spirit seems as vigorous and defiant as ever.

It is only natural that in a country like ours, where the Hibernian element is so numerous, there should be a demand for some reliable popular account of the Irish past. Two new histories have recently been offered to the public, both of which aim to supply such a narrative. Mr. Charles Johnston and Miss Carita Spencer have written 'Ireland's Story' in a volume of four hundred pages. Mr. John F. Finerty has given us a 'People's History of Ireland,' in two volumes of nearly five hundred pages each. Both histories are properly bound in green.

At first sight the volume entitled 'Ireland's Story' gives the impression of having been written for text-book purposes; and no doubt it will be extensively used in schools having an Irish Catholic patronage. It is well provided with portraits and illustrations, nearly all of which have historic value; it has maps, marginal notes, summaries, and an excellent index,—in fact, practically all the pedagogical helps that one expects to find in the more recent text-books. But the book will also interest the general reader. Written in a quiet, almost gentle style, the narrative moves calmly forward and is easily followed. The authors make no effort to conceal the fact that they have looked at events from a Catholic view-point; still, the treatment is sufficiently fair and charitable to satisfy any reader in whom the virtue of tolerance is properly developed. It seems, however, that in their selection of facts to be presented they have studiously avoided almost everything that would tend to discredit the Church. No reference whatever is made to the papal bull that authorized Henry II. to seize Ireland. Certain writers have, it is true, ar-

\* IRELAND'S STORY. By Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. THE PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF IRELAND. By John F. Finerty. In two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

gued that this is a matter of slight importance, as the pope had no authority to transfer the Green Isle to Henry or to any other king. It is well known, however, that the current doctrine in the twelfth century as regards papal supremacy was totally different.

No one can make the history of Ireland a joyous tale. With so much of treachery, misery, and injustice that must be related, the narrative is likely to be a gloomy one. Yet our authors have succeeded in telling a fairly cheerful story after all. Their purpose is not to dwell on what Ireland has endured, but on what she has accomplished. The legendary age and the early mediæval period—the period of saints and scholars and missionaries, of Patrick and Bridget and warlike Columba—are treated with a fulness that is almost disproportionate. On the other hand, the eighteenth century, a time when the Irish Catholic was deprived of almost every opportunity and right but the bare permission to exist, is treated with all possible brevity. The book closes with four interesting chapters in which are reviewed the achievements of the Irish race in America, in England, and on the Continent, and also what has been accomplished in the Irish home land in the literary field.

When the reader turns from this finished product of the Riverside Press to the more extensive 'People's History of Ireland,' the impression received is not the most favorable. The print and the paper are not of the best; the time-honored preface and the index are wanting; aside from frontispiece portraits of O'Connell and Parnell, there are no illustrations; a solitary map of modern Ireland is all that is offered on the geographical side, the map being good but inadequate.

But after reading a few pages one discovers that this is not the dry book it seems to be. The author has had a varied literary experience as editor, lecturer, author, and spell-binder, and when writing on the subject of his native country Mr. Finerty is utterly incapable of being dull. It will not do to say that his style is everywhere excellent; in places the language gives evidence of loose and hasty writing; some of the expressions used are sadly worn, while others lack in point of delicacy; but the sentences have fire and vigor, and the author employs a great variety of expedients to rouse and impress his readers. Melodious lines from Thomas Moore, tender stanzas from Thomas Davis, frequent anecdotes illustrative of Irish humor and genial wit, occasional citations from what is best in Irish oratory,—all these and other forms of embellishment are freely used and give a distinctly Celtic coloring to the pages.

The narrative is punctuated at regular intervals with sharp explosions of the author's anger and indignation. In speaking of the corrupt methods used by the English in dealing with the Anglo-Irish toward the close of Elizabeth's reign, he says:

'The bait took as might have been expected—for every good cause has its Iscariots—and we soon hear of jealous kinsmen of the patriot chiefs "coming over to" the queen's interest and doing their uttermost—the heartless scoundrels—to divide and distract the strength of their country, engaged in a deadly struggle for her rights and liberty. These despicable wretches are foul blotches on the pages of Ireland's history.'

In the same fashion he characterizes Queen Anne, 'the unnatural creature she was,' and tells of George I. whose 'black career terminated in 1742,' and how 'a weight of horror was lifted from Ireland's heart when the welcome news of his death spread rapidly, far and wide, over the persecuted country.' In similar language he expresses his admiration for George III., Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, and many others. In fact, if an artist were to draw imaginary portraits of England's public men from Henry II. to Edward VII., using Mr. Finerty's descriptions and characterizations as his only guides, we should have a gallery of monstrous caricatures the sight of which would strike John Bull speechless.

But when our author introduces the great worthies of Irish history, the O'Neills, the O'Connells, and the O'Briens, with Grattan, Emmet, Moore, and the rest, he uses a wholly different vocabulary. But here, too, we must be cautious in accepting his estimates, as enthusiastic praise is not always evidence of calm judgment. He quotes the orator Walter Burgh as declaring that 'England has sown her laws as dragons' teeth and they have sprung up armed men.' Of this tattered metaphor our author says: 'This magnificent allusion to the rise and progress of the Irish volunteer movement is one of the finest passages in the oratory of ancient and modern times.' It is statements such as this that make the reader suspicious.

It is generally believed that a writer of history should approach his subject with an open and unprejudiced mind; that he should take the position of a judge whose duty and desire are to ascertain the truth in the given case. Such a historian Mr. Finerty is never likely to become. He, the Irish radical who has urged Irish independence in season and out of season, whose published utterances of thirty years bear the stamp of an unweakening radicalism, who heads a great organization of Irishmen the spirit of which is anything but conciliatory,—

he of all men would seem by nature unfitted to write a trustworthy history of his native land. He is not a judge, he is an advocate, a brilliant, forceful, relentless advocate; but what the world wants is not a plea but a calm judicial statement of a complicated case.

In the preparation of his history Mr. Finerty seems to have used secondary accounts very largely; in the first volume there is, indeed, little evidence that the sources have been used. The author does not, however, show an absorbing interest in the earlier period; he is attracted by the great political and parliamentary struggle with England that began in the eighteenth century and continued down to the close of Parnell's career. Of this struggle he gives an extended and readable account, the entire second volume being devoted to the century following the commercial emancipation of Ireland in 1780. Of the two volumes this is the more valuable. It tells what Ireland suffered throughout the nineteenth century, what her people strove for, and what they accomplished; and as Mr. Finerty has for years been in close touch with all the various movements in Ireland, a measure of authority is added to his statements which the reader is compelled to respect. It is to be regretted that this thorough presentation has not been continued down to date. The last thirty-five years of Irish history—the period of the Land League and the Home Rule movement—are summed up in a single chapter of seventeen pages.

Bound up closely with the history of Ireland is that of England; and on the English side of his work Mr. Finerty has failed to be accurate and just. We are told, for instance, that Thomas Cromwell was a churchman, and that Praise-God Barebone presided over the parliament that bears his name. Trifling though such errors are, they show that the author has not read his English history so carefully as he should have done. Attention has already been called to his estimates of England's great statesmen; in much the same way does he treat the nation at large. It must be conceded that England's record in Ireland is not altogether lovely, and it is not surprising that strong terms are used in discussing it. And yet England is not wholly to blame for what Ireland has suffered. If there had been any national spirit, any broad patriotism, in the Celtic people in the middle ages, the Conqueror might have been repulsed. If the Irishman of modern times had not listened too eagerly to every disturber of the world's peace, his lot would have been more endurable. It is true that Mr. Finerty does find an occasional opportunity to say a good word for some Englishmen, but it is too frequently done in a per-

functory and spiritless manner. It seems possible that justice could be accorded England without in any way diminishing the glory of Ireland. If Mr. Finerty had studied the history of his native land in the light of European events, the policies of England would have become intelligible to him, and the 'People's History of Ireland' would have been a far more trustworthy work. LAURENCE M. LARSON.

#### BALZAC'S LATEST BIOGRAPHER.\*

If a reader were to make a mental catalogue of the most romantic and startling fiction that has been written in modern times, it is doubtful if he could name a single tale more dramatic, more improbable if judged by severe standards, than the actual career of Honoré de Balzac. The life of this man was a summary of the many strange personalities and incidents that are found in his partially recorded 'Comédie Humaine.' He seemed to justify his own statement that genius is never quite sane, for few would question either Balzac's possession of genius or his lack of poise. With an exaggeration that has much of truth at its root, he analyzed his own character for the Duchesse d'Abrantès.

'I possess, shut up in my five foot eight inches, all the incoherences, all the contrasts possible; and those who think me vain, extravagant, obstinate, high-minded, without connection in my ideas,—a fop, negligent, idle, without application, without reflection, without any constancy; a chatterbox, without tact, badly brought up, impolite, whimsical, unequal in temper,—are quite as right as those who perhaps say that I am economical, modest, courageous, stingy, energetic, a worker, constant, silent, full of delicacy, polite, always gay.—Does this kaleidoscope exist, because in the soul of those who claim to paint all the affections of the human heart, chance throws all these affections themselves, so that they may be able, by the force of their imagination, to feel what they paint!'

In Miss Mary F. Sandars's newly-published life of the prince of realists are recorded many phases, intimate and varied, of this complex character. Though the author has had access to some unpublished bits of personalia, especially such as have come into the possession of M. de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, and though she has used freely and with good taste the later letters to Mme. Hanska, the volume fails in many respects to equal the excellent Memoir by Miss Wormeley. The reader, challenged by the words in Miss Sandars's preface that Miss Wormeley's book 'was written at a time when little was known about the great novelist,' and

\* HONORÉ DE BALZAC: HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS. By Mary F. Sandars. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.



reviewing this exhaustive Memoir which introduced many of us to the true Balzac, finds much to admire anew in the earlier biographer's wise and scholarly treatment, her careful quotations from many original sources, and her skilfully condensed sentences of analysis. At the same time, this new contribution to Balzac study is interesting and valuable. Its form is attractive, its illustrations are good, and its sympathetic tone is alluring and generally well-balanced. There are exhaustive details of the novelist's unsuccessful monetary ventures. The last portion of the work is excellent in its interest and sequence. The acknowledged gaps and mysterious lapses in the narrative, impossible for any biographer to fill during the periods of Balzac's obscure retirements, show how much he needed a Boswell to record his vagaries.

To the sister of Balzac, Laure Surville, who deserves a high place in that list of sisters whose influences have been vital on so many authors, we are deeply indebted for reminiscences and anecdotes of family traits, and for many a secret episode in the boyhood and maturity of the novelist. Miss Sandars has well emphasized the sane affection and guidance of this sister. Throughout the brother's life her devotion was often his salvation from financial and mental disaster. His nervous mother found this son, so truly inheritor of many of her own faults of temper, a constant source of irritation. With new realization of their importance, we read here of the influences exerted on Balzac's life and writings by many women-friends of varying types. At the homes of Mme. de Berny, Mme. Carraud, and the famous Delphine Girardin, he gained not alone social pleasure but also literary stimulus and material, especially for his settings of higher social life. His flirtation with the coy Mme. de Castries developed his emotional faculty into unwonted vigor, and gave theme for fictional plot and character-drawing in 'La Duchesse de Langeais,' 'Le Médecin de Campagne,' and other novels. The woman, Mme. Hanska, who was to bear his name after years of courtship and passionate longing on his part, by her cold heart in her later relations with her lover arouses our indignation; but she was his good angel when in 1832 she wrote him urging with feeling that he should recall himself from the pruriency and extravagance of his latest work and keep steadily in mind the purity as well as the strength of his best writings. The years immediately following this new influence are associated in memory with two of Balzac's most perfect and popular novels, 'Eugénie Grandet' and 'Le Père Goriot.' At first he doubted the truth of the tribute called forth

by these two novels, but later accepted the decree of his critical friends, — an estimate which the later decades have verified.

Just as Balzac had gained this lofty rank as author, just as he seemed about to free himself from the hounds of poverty and debt which had haunted his life thus far, he committed two errors of judgment which proved disastrous both to fame and fortune. We are reminded of Fenimore Cooper and his quarrels with the press, as the biographer cites Balzac's controversies with both printers and editors. The second folly was the visionary extravagance of 'Les Jardies,' the residence erected with lofty ideas and unsupported walls. At this crisis he turned yet again to the plan cherished for many years, — to write a great drama which should retrieve his fortunes and establish his fame. Of late, critics have found no little merit in some of Balzac's dramas, especially 'Vautrin' and 'Paméla Giraud.' The amusing tale of his efforts to waken the unfit collaborator, Lassailly, out of a sound sleep to give him tragic situations, until the youth was almost driven mad, justifies Miss Sandars's comment on 'the wide gulf which separates Balzac the writer, with psychological powers which almost amounted to second sight, and Balzac in ordinary life, many of whose misfortunes had their origin in an apparent want of knowledge of human nature, which caused him to make deplorable mistakes in choosing his associates.'

Much space is given to the lesser-known years of Balzac's life, the pathetic ending when he waited patiently but desperately for Mme. Hanska's consent to marriage, his health fast failing and his will concentrated on the later works of marvellous power, 'Les Paysans,' 'La Cousine Bette,' and 'Le Cousin Pons.' It was the natural revenge of abused nature that ended this turbulent life at its prime. The records of those thirty years of industry, productive of more than four-score novels with numberless other writings, furnish their own comment. Though Miss Sandars's book is confessedly a study of personality, with meagre attempt at literary or critical estimate, in the final pages she considers, with discrimination, Balzac's rank as realist, compared especially with Flaubert and Zola. There is resemblance to Shakespeare in his recognized power to create strong types that are also individuals. He had 'the gift of seeing vividly—as under a dazzling light—to the very kernel of the object stripped of supernumerary circumstance,' yet he was kin of the Romantics 'in his feeling for the beauty of atmospheric effects.'

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE.



## SCIENCE AND PERSONALITY.\*

Both by resemblance and by contrast, Professor Münsterberg's essay reminds us of the dialogue in the church in Morris's 'Dream of John Ball.' It is the record of a supposed conversation between two friends, who have just returned from burying the body of a third. A conversation, I call it, but one of them does all the talking, while the other offers silent but clearly expressed comment. It is written in a charming manner, and is really a description of the author's philosophy.

The argument is this: Science is a method of interpreting experiences so that they stand in a definite relation toward one another, the conceptions of time and space, cause and effect, being necessary to bring order out of what would otherwise be chaos. 'The scientist connects the things of this chaotic world in an orderly system of causes and effects which follow one another; and, as he can do his work only if he takes, for granted that the end can be reached, he considers the world of objects as a system in which everything must be understood as the effect of causes.' In reality, science can say nothing about ourselves, who make the sciences; but it is possible, and for some purposes necessary, to regard ourselves in a purely objective manner, and then, 'all the ideas and imaginations, feelings and emotions, go on in the brain just as it rains and snows in the outer world, and our own will is a necessary product of its foregoing causes. Such consistency is admirable in its realm, but it must not make us forget that its realm is determined by our own decision, yes, that it is our own free will which decides for a certain purpose to conceive ourselves as bound, our will as a causal process.' Time and space relate not to personality, but merely express attitudes of personality towards its objects. The real personality no more occupies time than space; 'my real life as a system of interrelated will-attitudes has nothing before or after, because it is beyond time.' Regarding existence as a mere series of phenomena in time, it could not have any value for anyone. Time is a system in which the reality of one moment excludes the reality of all others; only the present exists, the past is irrevocably gone, the future is not yet. Personality is not thus self-devouring, and extension in time would have no more value than extension in space: 'a mere expansion, a more and more of phenomena in space and time, is a valueless amassing of indifferent and purposeless material.' History may be conceived as the description of a great causal mechanism, in which everything follows of

necessity; but this is merely science, and the true historian sees rather the play of will upon will, each compelling acknowledgment, demanding agreement or disagreement, obedience or combat. The resulting phenomena are arranged by science in a time-series, but the wills themselves are the expression of judgments which are independent of time. 'If you insist on metaphors, I should liken our will to a circle; a circle has no beginning and it has no end; it is endless, infinite.' What, then, is the value of such a will-life? Its value consists in itself and the ends it recognizes, which are absolute, not relative. Thus, 'truth . . . does not allow any further question as to whether or not it is useful for something else, but it is itself the end of all questioning. Only that which is such an ultimate end for us is really a value.' Our goal is not endless duration, but 'complete repose in the perfect satisfaction which the will finds when it has reached the significance, the influence, and the value at which it is aiming.' However, each one of us is more than merely an individual, and the ultimate realization of our aims can be found only in the totality of wills, or 'the over-individual consciousness, the over-soul.' 'If we were to substitute for that empty thought of a continuation of time the deeper thought of an endless personal influence of will, endless not in time but endless in personal relations, it would seem as if we had really expressed an ultimate goal.' Yet to realize the totality of this process would be to destroy the very thing which makes our individual personality, and the impossibility of complete achievement gives meaning to our striving. 'This contrast between what is aimed at in our attitude and what is reached in our influence is indeed full of pathos, yet inexhaustible in its eternal value.'

So much by way of description. For myself, the Münsterbergian philosophy seems to contain much that is of value, and yet in its totality to be strangely meaningless. It is quite possible to regard time and space as merely modes of extension, independent of duration. At any moment of time, things are varied only in space; at any point in space, things are varied only in time. Thus the universe may be permanent in all its features, and our personalities the only things capable of change, and that by the succession of experiences due to motion through phenomena. If this motion were on a certain plane always in one direction, or along the arc of a circle, the effect would be that of time, with its succession of events said to be related as cause to effect. Are not things in space always similarly related? The physicist recognizes that every atom is influenced by every other, and is in fact held in its place by the

\* THE ETERNAL LIFE. By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

totality of forces in the universe; a relation exactly as binding as between successive events. At each moment, things have to be what they are; and in ultimate analysis we find ourselves simply saying, 'What is, is.'

According to such a view, our personality might be thought of as independent of time and space in the sense that it moved irrespective of them; and yet finding its being in the reality of experiences understandable only as based on projected phenomena. One could postulate a latent personality, like latent energy, losing all power of motion through phenomena, and consequently of receiving successive experiences; but such latency would be pure dormancy, and if permanent extinction. The complete attainment of the desired experiences would naturally result in such a cessation of motion, were it permanent, since any departure from the point gained would be detrimental. Thus the Buddhist idea of Nirvana would be the logical outcome of such a theory, as also the idea of the necessity for continued search while attainment remained incomplete. The very conception of God's life in Christ depends upon the thought that experience is only purchased at the expense of imperfection of attainment, though not necessarily imperfection of aim. Here is the necessary pathos which Professor Münsterberg describes in his closing words.

The fault I find with Professor Münsterberg's philosophy is really this: that it pretends to get rid of time and space in considering personality, and yet does not do so, and cannot, in the nature of things. Our mental make-up is a totality which cannot be divided in the way proposed, and while we must necessarily recognize the truth of much that he urges, we seem, in the attempt to grasp his complete meaning, to be lost in a mere maze of words. Who can speak of 'the eternal life,' and get away from the thought of time? Who can think of 'an endless personal influence of will,' and get away from time and space? There may be truths which we cannot grasp, but the psychologist should be the last to suggest the practicability of building a philosophy independent of the one element which gives phenomena their reality for us.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

The Library of Congress has published, in a sumptuous form altogether unlike the generality of the productions of that institution, a 'Catalog of the Gardiner Greene Hubbard Collection of Engravings' compiled by Mr. Arthur Jeffrey Parsons. This collection, which was presented to the Library of Congress by Mrs. Hubbard, contains 2,707 prints, representing many schools, the French, German, English, Dutch, and Italian examples making up about nine-tenths of the whole. Besides the catalogue proper, the volume contains a sketch of the donor, a series of ten plates, and elaborate indexes.

#### ECHOES FROM THE EASTERN STRUGGLE.\*

Two grievances gleam wearily through the pages of the volume entitled 'Following the Sun-Flag,' by Mr. John Fox, Jr. These are that the author was not permitted to see anything of the actual fighting in the earlier land battles of the Russo-Japanese war, leaving Liaoyang just as the heavy fighting was beginning; and that the Mikado's officers did not tell him the truth, according to any occidental notions of what it is that constitutes verity. Deprived of opportunity for accomplishing the purposes which took him to the East, denied all chance of informing the world of the actual struggle which he went to see, he has been compelled to content himself with describing, in his own vivid and picturesque manner, the details of his five months' tedious waiting in Tokio and as many weeks with his fellow-correspondents from America, England, France, and Italy, on the trail of the Japanese armies in Manchuria. He has made the work interesting by the sketchy, breezy manner in which it is written, although it is imbued with that fine race prejudice against men of darker skin which is the heritage of the Anglo-Saxon in general and of the Southern-born American in particular. Of the spirit of the Japanese people in their heroic struggle, Mr. Fox has much to say.

'The women let their hair go undressed once a month, that they may contribute the price of the dressing—five sen. A gentleman discovered that every servant in his household, from butler down, was contributing a certain amount of his wages each month, and in consequence offered to raise wages just the amount each servant was giving away. The answer was, "Sir, we cannot allow that; it is an honor for us to give, and it would be you who would be doing our duty for us to Japan."

'A Japanese lady apologized profusely for being late to dinner. She had been to the station to see her son off for the front, where there were already three of her sons. Said another straightway, "How fortunate to be able to give four sons to Japan!"

'Hundreds and thousands of families are denying themselves one meal a day that they may give more to their country. And one rich merchant, who has already given 100,000 yen, has himself cut off one meal, and declares that he will if necessary live on one the rest of his life for the sake of Japan.'

Describing a pretty little girl in one of the houses where he lodged, Mr. Fox says:

'Among the thousands of applications, many of them written in blood, which the war office has received from men who are anxious to go to the front, is one from just such a girl. In her letter she said that she was the last of an old Samurai

\* FOLLOWING THE SUN-FLAG: A Vain Pursuit through Manchuria. By John Fox, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PORT ARTHUR. A Monster Heroism. By Richard Barry. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

THE YELLOW WAR. By 'O.' Illustrated. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

family. Her father was killed in the war with China; her only brother died during the Boxer troubles. She begged to be allowed to take her place in the ranks which had always belonged to her family. She could shoot, she said, and ride; and it would be a lasting disgrace if her family name should be missing from the rolls, where it has had an honored place for centuries, now that her country and her Emperor are in such sore need.

Mr. Richard Barry was more fortunate than Mr. Fox. Representing a number of periodicals in England and America, from the pages of which the materials for his book on Port Arthur have been taken, Mr. Barry saw all the later fighting before Port Arthur, and was a witness to its surrender. The heroism of both Russians and Japanese is freely attested, although it is in the latter that he finds the larger share, since he was their guest and within their lines. This book is that of an eye-witness profoundly and sympathetically impressed, still young enough to have every impression deep and clear, and old enough to set it down justly and vividly. He, like Mr. Fox, has the skill of seizing upon illustrative episodes, of which we take a few examples.

The Russians made a sortie into the plain, parading for several hundred yards in front of the Two Dragons. That was before the lines were as closely drawn as they are now, and the Japanese looked with amusement on the show-off. At the head marched two bands, brassing a brilliant march. Then came the colors flashing in the sun. The officers were dashing decorated, and the troops wore colored caps. It was a rare treat for the Japanese, for they had never seen anything like that in their own army. Like a boy bewildered at the gay plumage of a bird he might not otherwise catch, the simple and curious Japanese let the foe vaingloriously march back into the town.

Of the commander of the Mikado's forces during the siege, much is said by Mr. Barry.

'We expected to meet a man of iron,—for Nogi is the general whose eldest son, a lieutenant in the Second Army, was killed at Nanshan; who has under his command a second son, a lieutenant; and who wrote home after the first disaster, "Hold the funeral rites until Hoten and I return, when you can bury three at once."

The General received us in his garden. He was at a small table, under a willow, working with a magnifying glass over a map. He wore an undress blue uniform with the three stars and three stripes of a full general on the sleeve,—no other decoration, though once before I had seen him wearing the first-class order of the Rising Sun. His parchment-krinkled face, brown like chocolate with a summer's torrid suns, beamed kindly on us. His smile and manner were fatherly. It was impossible to think that any complicated problem troubled his mind. A resemblance in facial contour to General Sherman arrested us, . . . with beard gray, shaded back to brown where it met the skin, so that he seemed a monotone in sepia, with eyes small and wide apart, perfect teeth, tiny, regular nose, and a beautiful dome of a head flaring out from the temples in tender and eloquent curves. He stands five feet ten, unusually tall for a Japanese, showing the loose power of a master in his

joints and in that mighty jowl shaded by the gray-brown beard.'

The following passage tells of a successful attack upon one of the forts, and is a sample of pages of similar writing.

'At half-past four in the afternoon, Tereda orders the final charge. Three cheers go up—*Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!* With bayonets fixed, the squads deploying as before, the khaki-covered spots begin to move. In advance the men crawl hand over hand, helped by blessed waraji (straw sandals). Twenty feet from the parapet they pause and fling something that leaps through the air like balls from catcher to second base. These hand-grenades of gun-cotton explode on and in the parapet. The brilliant bursts play off the fast setting evening, as the khaki-covered ones go in, Tereda pausing and peering with his glass. The entire battalion tumbles over the parapet. Then the reserves begin climbing from the base.

'Silence. All is over. What has happened? Five, ten minutes pass, then the firing recommences, but now the object is changed; all the Japanese shrapnel is playing over the road leading to the Chair fort, and all the Russian fire is directed against Namicoyama. The Russians are retreating, throwing away their rifles as they run. Over Namicoyama floats the white flag with the red sun in the centre.'

Mr. Barry went forward to the limit of the trenches, within a few score yards of the enemy's outworks, where he saw grawesome sights. It is small wonder, with the breastworks constructed in no small part of their own slain, the interval between thronged with corpses, that Mr. Frederic Villiers, present in seventeen campaigns, should have expressed himself thus, as reported by Mr. Barry:

'Scientific warfare! Let me tell you the facts about science. Archibald Forbes predicted twenty years ago that the time would come when armies would no longer be able to take their wounded from the field of battle. That day has come. We are living in it. Wounded have existed—how, God alone knows!—on that field out there, without help, for twelve days, while shell and bullets rained above them, and if a comrade had dared to come to their assistance his would have been a useless suicide. The searchlight, the engine of scientific trenches, machine guns, rifles point-blank at 200 yards with a range of 2,000—these things have helped to make warfare more terrible now than ever before in history.'

The book entitled 'The Yellow War,' for which the initial 'O' is responsible as author, is of another sort, though dealing with similar material. It is, as the brief 'Foreword' avers, the work of one intimate with the war for a year, and an eye-witness of most that is described. It is concerned with fighting on sea as well as on land, and is more discriminating in its choice of incidents and of language than either of the foregoing books. There is much idealization rather than a precise report, and the result is an impression even more veritable than the others have been able to convey, notwithstanding a certain sense of the fiction that



is truer than mere fact. An example of the quality of this book may be found in the following graphic passage, which purports to give the details of the fighting on the Russian flagship of the Pacific squadron in its last naval engagement, but which can be held as equally descriptive of the more recent fighting in the Korean Straits.

"The great ship quivered — then quivered again. For a moment the flag-lieutenant thought that a torpedo had struck her. His nervous system remembered that first torpedo under Golden Hill. It was only the twelve-inch guns. But they made the conning-tower rock. The Japanese had manoeuvred, and were now standing in on the starboard beam. The Russian Admiral changed his course. Great projectiles were ricocheting overhead, and raising geysers of salt spray all round them. But for the present the flagship could answer shot for shot, and one of the hostile battleships — the *Shikishima* it looked like — had drawn out of the fighting line.

"The Admiral clenched the handrail. His face was still pale, but the fighting light was in his eyes. For a moment his gaze turned from the *Mikasa*, with her black hull flashing yellow up and down its lean length. The mist was up again in the southwest, and the sea was rapidly getting up.

"Make the fleet signal, 'Close up — follow me.'" Then he turned to the officer at the navigating tube: "For the promontory!"

"At the same moment there was a deafening report, and the vessel swung so that every one in the conning-tower was thrown against the walls.

"What was that — mined?"

"The dread of mine and torpedo was by this time firmly ingrained in every Russian sailor, and as the flag-lieutenant sprang down the ladder the horrible nightmare of the *Petropavlovsk* leaped up before his mental vision. It was nothing. A deck officer, who seemed as unconcerned as if he were at manoeuvres, came hurrying forward. He reported that a large shell had hit the after 12-inch turret, glanced, and in bursting wrecked the top above.

"The vessel staggered from two terrific blows forward. The flag-lieutenant stumbled ahead, drawing his hands mechanically to his ears, while the torn fragments of iron and splinter soughed past him. Biting, stinging smoke blinded him, while the force of the concussion flattened him against a ventilator. The first sight he saw was the mangled frame of his comrade. The top of the poor wretch's head was gone; a half-burned cigarette was still between the clenched teeth. He threw his glance upwards, — the forward smoke-stack was rent from top to bottom, and the flame and smoke were licking round its base. The 12-inch guns in the forward battery solemnly fired, and the ear-splitting discharge brought the youth to his senses. He made for the ladder. Great God! the conning-tower and forward bridge were but torn, smoking, and twisted wreck. A man jumped to the deck. His face was as black as an Ethiopian's, his uniform and beard torn and discolored to a filthy yellow; his left arm severed at the biceps, was dangling by a sinew.

"All are killed, the Admiral, — all!" the figure gasped, as it reeled and sank fainting to the deck.

"Then the port guns fired. The flag-lieutenant realized that the ship was not steering — she was veering round. He dashed to the after-bridge, past the quick-firer crews lying prostrate, amid the wreckage and the corpses. He found the commander

superintending the shipping of the after steering-gear, and reported the paralyzing intelligence. For a moment the commander looked at him blankly. He was bleeding from a skin wound in the neck, and such of his uniform not stained yellow was scarlet with blood.

"Good!" he ejaculated; "she is steering again. Full steam ahead! Make a fleet signal. Make the signal, 'The Admiral transfers the command.'"

The sympathies of the writers of these three books, setting forth the rigors of war with a Verestchagin-like fidelity, adequately represent the feelings of the English-speaking world, English and Americans being quoted with impartiality. All rejoice at Russia's downfall, as a menace to the more peaceful nations of the earth well removed. But what of the religions of Christ and Buddha, apostles both of peace and life? Little of their spirit and influence is to be found in the hideous scenes and incidents set forth in works like these.

WALLACE RICE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The story of American nationality. Professor Edwin E. Sparks's latest work, 'The United States of America,' constitutes a valuable addition to the 'Story of the Nations' series (Putnam). It is a pleasant variation from our usual experience to find a work which out of some eight hundred pages devotes but twenty-two pages to the events of the years 1861-1865, and in these refers to but one battle. The space thus gained by eliminating 'drum and trumpet history,' Professor Sparks employs to good advantage in explaining the political and social growth of the United States, and the economic changes and currents of public opinion which characterized the first century of our national existence. The tone of the work is fair, and the author avoids unkind epithets and biased partisan feeling. Yet one can hardly call the work a history in the truest sense; it is rather a prose epic of American nationality. It is frankly centralistic and expansionist. 'To apply to America,' says the author in conclusion, 'the term "the States," as in the custom in foreign lands, is to ignore both past history and present tendency. It is to think of units instead of a whole. Historically and prophetically, the United States as a federation of States have ceased to exist and the United States as a centralized Republic has taken the place.' To this thesis the whole work leads up. A spade is called a spade, and no vain idealism is permitted to distort our vision. Thus, speaking of American ideals, Professor Sparks gives us neither the old-fashioned eagle screaming nor the modern cry of helpless negation and obstruction. Instead, his comment is this:

'America is not what many hoped it would be. Whatever social equality was construed into the Declaration of Independence by enthusiasts and reformers has been abandoned. It is now applied to equality of political rights, the only kind which self-government is author-



ized to promise. Freedom of speech has been curtailed to freedom of sensible and unobjectionable speech. A disinterested patriotism as an impulse has lost much of the confidence formerly placed in it. That men naturally place country above their own interests is a maxim of former days, which is still proclaimed, but few believe or demonstrate by their actions. The individual was once considered apart from the mass. That is no longer possible. Government was once said to proceed from the consent of all the governed. Now we are satisfied to say that it proceeds from a majority of the governed, and are even willing to coerce the minority into submission. America was once said to be a refuge for the poor of all nations; but self protection has placed many barriers before the doors. American simplicity both at home and abroad was once thought to be a special virtue. At present the ambition is to make as good a showing as your neighbor in order not to be conspicuous or an object of ridicule. Large wealth was once considered as indicative of an aristocracy and prophetic of nobility. Now it is acknowledged to be a most desirable adjunct to a useful and happy life. Government was formerly declared to be instituted in America for the direct benefit of the individual. It now seeks this benefit indirectly through fostering the interests which furnish him with a livelihood. In other words, it is difficult to create a new order of mankind even by placing man in a new environment unless the old inheritance is sorted out' (vol. II., pp. 373, 374).

Of really unique worth are the illustrations, of which there is barely one without historic value. Many are reproductions of early political cartoons, which the general reader would rarely come across. Excellent press work and careful revision make the text pleasant reading, and the rarity of such obvious slips as 'Macon of Georgia' (vol. II., p. 74), only shows the general accuracy of the work.

Last of the  
'Notes from  
a Diary.'

'Books of jokes are proverbially dull,' says Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff in his 'Notes from a Diary, 1896-1901' (Dutton). These volumes, the thirteenth and fourteenth of a series reaching back, in date of items selected, to 1851, are largely devoted to pleasantries, heard or read or uttered by the writer, and though by no means dull reading are a little cloying if taken in course and at a sitting. They form, we are told in a prefatory note, the final instalment of the series; but is it not just possible, and indeed rather to be hoped, that the diarist, like many another celebrity before him, will change his mind and make one or more further farewell appearances? The English 'Who's Who' records as our author's recreations, fencing, botanizing, travelling, and conversation; and one who converses so well and has a knack of hearing so many good things said, ought to let his light shine. His manner, it is to be inferred, is not exactly that of a Johnson, who delighted to lay mind to mind in an intellectual wrestling match, or still better to fold his legs and have his talk out in monologue; it is rather the light fencing and graceful repartee of a Chesterfield. He refers with evident satisfaction to 'a perfect debauch of interesting talk' in which he took part on one occasion. It is curious to note his repeated references to Mrs. Craven and her 'Récit d'une Sœur.' Here, as in former volumes, she is evidently on his mind. A good story about Samuel Warren is short enough to quote. Warren published his 'Ten Thousand a Year' anony-

mously, but was none the less desirous to have its authorship known, introducing the subject in season and out of season. Waiting for a train with Sergeant Ballantine, he asked him if he had any idea who wrote the book. 'Well, Warren,' was the reply, 'there are not many to whom I would entrust the secret; but it is safe to do so to you. The truth is, I wrote it myself!' Another story, less credible, is also good and short. Horace Smith, at the christening of a daughter, was asked by the clergyman for the name to be given to the child. 'Rosalind,' answered Smith. 'Rosalind, Rosalind,' repeated the clergyman in perplexity, 'I never heard such a name. How do you spell it?' 'Oh, as you like it,' was the ready rejoinder. For some occult reason, or for no reason, the author gives the name of Fanny Kemble's husband as Piers Butler; otherwise his pages seem to be admirably free from noticeable errors.

A plea for the  
appreciation  
of music.

Dr. Henry G. Hanchett's book on 'The Art of the Musician' (Macmillan) is addressed to all students of music, whether performers or not, and is 'designed to emphasize the distinction between the real study of music and the study of the arts of playing and singing which has so long been mistaken for it.' The author's chief plea is for the understanding of music as an art—the understanding of the rhythms, harmonies, melodies, and motives which composers have used, and their aims, purposes, and methods in using them. With this object in view, Dr. Hanchett has made a unique and useful book, and one which goes far to demonstrate his theory that music can be thoroughly and usefully taught without teaching the art of performance. He insists that 'the true æsthetic delight to be derived from the art of the musician is something widely different from and far above the mere sensuous charms of musical sounds, however luscious,' and agrees with St. Paul that he 'would rather speak five words with his understanding than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.' Thorough and scholarly understanding he himself has, combined with a rare clearness of statement and keenness of analysis. He calls rhythm the life of music, harmony its soul, melody and phrasing its beauty, and motives its germ. Not everyone may incline to the changes he suggests in musical phraseology—'meter' for 'time,' 'clause' for 'phrase' (except when all the notes under one slur are meant), 'mozarta' for 'sonata-form.' But everyone can learn much from the examples of music he gives with markings which point unmistakably to the art used in their composition,—studies of rhythm from Bach, Chopin, and Schumann, of melodies from Rheinberger and Schubert, of theme-development from Beethoven, and so on through a widely varied list. Technically, this latter is the most valuable part of the volume. In the closing chapters on Interpretation and Musical Education Dr. Hanchett maintains, with pointed good sense, his thesis that 'What we need is education in music; not more professors, but

more amateurs; not more concerts, but more intelligent interest in those we have; not more compositions, but more comprehension; not more vocal culture, but more and larger choral societies; not more technic, but more interpretation.' In spite of his faith that one may be a cultivated musician without being a performer, Dr. Hanchett gives the final praise to the interpreter—the artist who absorbs the composer's thought, and gives to compositions their crowning touch by interpreting their beauties to the world.

*Bright essays  
by a Westerner.*

Brisk and breezy, we will not say fresh and frisky, but certainly instinct with the indescribable and unmistakable buoyancy and vitality of the great West, combined with something of the rich scholarship more often associated with the older East, Miss Kate Stephens's 'American Thumb-Prints' (Lippincott) deserves more than cursory notice at the reviewer's hands. The first chapter, 'Puritans of the West,' presents some striking peculiarities of the writer's fellow-Kansans. The matter with Kansas appears to be too many 'isms. Chapter two, 'The University of Hesperus'—which is, being interpreted, the University of Kansas—discusses with the wisdom of bitter experience some of the evils afflicting a state university. The woman professor dismissed from the Greek chair much on the rotation-in-office principle, one surmises to have been Miss Stephens herself. At any rate, her abundant allusions to and quotations from Hellenic literature go to show her ability to fill such a chair. The St. Louis and the New England types of men and women are treated at some length. The parting hit at 'the distorted morality and debilitating religion' to which the writer says Yankee women (and men, too, we infer) have been subjected, is, to say the least, a rather harsh way of expressing oneself. Like Mr. Paul Elmer More, Miss Stephens makes Christian Science a direct descendant of New England transcendentalism. 'The idealism of Emerson foreran the dollar-gathering idealism of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy as the lark of spring foreruns the maple worm.' Lack of space forbids argument or protest here. A retrospective and prospective treatise on cookery, displaying scholarly research, forms the seventh essay; and a decidedly informing and original presentation of Franklin as a plagiarist closes the book. A word in conclusion on Miss Stephens's style. Possessing as she does a command of excellent English, she does not need to write in polyglot. A lavish sprinkling of foreign words and phrases, undistinguished by italics or quotation marks, may delight the philologist, but it annoys the unlearned reader. The translation, too, is often quite as effective, even to a scholar, as the original. 'Unextinguishable laughter' will be recognized by the Homeric student as readily as its Greek equivalent, and will bewilder no one. Too frequent quotation, in any language, is the trick of one whose learning sits not quite easily on the shoulders. A few unnecessary departures from

common usage arrest the eye in Miss Stephens's pages, as fool for foolish, pertain for obtain or prevail, and longanimity for the shorter and equally expressive patience. Her 'summa summarium' it is safe to take for a mere misprint.

*Sydney Smith, reformer and wit.* Mr. G. W. E. Russell contributes to the 'English Men of Letters' series (Macmillan) a biography of Sydney Smith, which will be opened with much eagerness, and laid aside with some disappointment, by the admirers—still sufficiently numerous—of the robust, manly, witty parson who brightened the literature of the early nineteenth century. It is not that the book is ill done—quite the contrary; but that Mr. Russell, who is an expert maker of biographies, has been working, as he says, 'in a harvest field where a succession of diligent gleaners had preceded' him; and has not added very much to what was previously known. It is just fifty years since Sydney Smith's daughter Saba, Lady Holland, issued a volume of her father's memoirs, on which she had been engaged for ten years succeeding his death in 1845; and to this was soon added a volume of extracts from his letters, compiled by Mrs. Austin. In 1856, Mr. Evert A. Duyekinek published (through the forgotten house of J. S. Redfield, New York), a work entitled 'Sydney Smith's Wit and Wisdom,' quarried largely from the collected 'Works,' the Lady Holland 'Memoirs,' and the Austin 'Letters.' Mr. Duyekinek's book remains the best compilation extant on Sydney Smith; and Mr. Russell's smaller work, good though it is, has only sent us back (on the Emersonian principle) with renewed zest to the larger collection. Mr. Russell's chief merit, then, consists, not in new material discovered, or in any specially clever exploitation of the existing material, but in the shrewd and kindly criticism which he bestows upon Sydney Smith's energy, goodness, wit, and occasional foibles. His battles for Catholic emancipation, his keen satires on the weaknesses of Anglicanism, his complete failure to do justice to Dissent, his imperfect sympathies (as Lamb would have called them) with art and music; and over, in, and through all, the bubbling perennial fountain of a wit that was as spontaneous as Schubert's music—all these are 'tasted' for us by Mr. Russell with much intelligent relish. His book will properly hold its place in the series, and serve as an adequate introduction to the study of Sydney Smith.

*Dr. Mahaffy's lectures on Hellenism.* Students of Classical history and civilization will be interested in a little volume on 'The Progress of Hellenism' (University of Chicago Press) by Professor J. P. Mahaffy of Dublin. The learned author has written much on Greek subjects, and in this book he sums up the conclusions that he has reached after years of study of Greek civilization as developed at Athens and Antioch and Alexandria. Six lectures delivered at the University of Chicago in the summer of 1904 make up the work. In the opening lecture Professor

Mahaffy discusses 'Xenophon the Precursor of Hellenism,' whom he views as a somewhat cosmopolitan Greek, one of larger tastes and broader views than those possessed by the average cultured Athenian. Through his extensive travels he had come in contact with Oriental civilization, of which he had absorbed a great deal, at the same time losing certain characteristics and surrendering certain opinions that would be classed as distinctly Greek or Athenian. The development of Athenian culture after it had been transplanted to Macedon, Syria, and Egypt is the subject of the following three lectures. The author does not find that Hellenism was the formal and sterile thing that it is reputed to be: it produced a literature that inspired Virgil and served as a model for the writers of the Christian gospels; it gave us the Victory of Samothrace and the Venus of Melos; it left us the Corinthian style of architecture. Of particular interest is the closing lecture in which the author discusses Hellenic influences on Christianity. A deeper meaning is given to the trite statement that Greek was the language of the apostolic missionaries. The author holds 'that the peculiar modernness, the high intellectual standard of Christianity, as we find it in the New Testament, is caused by its contact with Greek culture.' The doctrine of the *logos* as presented in the gospel of St. John is, he believes, 'a purely Hellenistic conception derived ultimately from Plato.' In St. Paul's epistles Professor Mahaffy finds much of the phraseology of Stoicism, and also some peculiarly Stoic doctrines, notably the doctrines of the unity of the human race, the value of the human soul, the active nature of human virtue, and the necessity of complete reform of each individual life, or what may be called conversion. In a lecture the author cannot, of course, present much evidence; but the subject is of too great interest to be disposed of in a few pages, and we trust Professor Mahaffy will discuss it more fully in his promised work on 'Greek Life from Polybius to Plutarch.'

An album  
of Schiller  
tributes.

A pleasant souvenir of the remarkably successful Schiller celebration held in Chicago last month takes the shape of a quarto volume, 'Zur Würdigung Schiller's in Amerika,' published by Messrs. Koelling & Klappenbach, Chicago. The principal contents of this volume consist of about eighty tributes and appreciations, contributed by both Germans and Americans, and here reproduced in autograph facsimile. The President of the United States and the King of Württemberg lead off in this symposium, and are followed by such notabilities as Presidents Gilman, Hadley, and Wheeler, Professors Carruth, Cutting, Goebel, Hatfield, von Klenze, Learned, Matthews, Münsterberg, and Thomas, and Messrs. Paul Carus, Heinrich Conried, W. T. Harris, T. W. Higginson, Henry Holt, W. S. Schley, and Carl Schurz. The contributions of these gentlemen and others are varied, including poems, per-

sonal tributes, critical appreciations, and translations. The fine sonnet of Professor Calvin Thomas may be given by way of illustration.

'He kept the faith. The ardent poet-soul,  
Once thrilled to madness by the fiery gleam  
Of Freedom glimpsed afar in youthful dream,  
Henceforth was true as needle to the pole.  
The vision he had caught remained the goal  
Of manhood's aspiration and the theme  
Of those high luminous musings that redeem  
Our souls from bondage to the general dole  
Of trivial existence. Calm and free,  
He faced the Sphinx, nor ever knew dismay,  
Nor bowed he to extremities the knee  
Nor took a guerdon from the fleeting day,  
But dwelt on earth in that eternity  
Where Truth and Beauty shine with blended ray.'

The publication contains, besides this interesting autograph material, complete programmes of the Chicago exercises, the prize poems (in English and German) written for the occasion, and a series of illustrations—portraits, pictorial scenes, and reproduced title-pages. Taken altogether, it is a creditable production.

A group of  
recent German  
publications.

We have received from the Gutenberg-Verlag of Dr. Ernst Schultze, of Hamburg, a group of interesting publications, of which a few notes may be made. 'Das Maifest der Benediktiner und Andere Erzählungen,' by the late Karl Riek, is the third edition of the three stories comprised within the volume. The stories are pictures from the life of the Catholic clergy, and are remarkable for their psychological insight as well as for their intimate acquaintance with the themes presented. Riek (1815-1881) was an Austrian poet and novelist of distinction, and the present volume has an introduction by his son, Herr Wolfgang Riek. 'Wunder und Wissenschaft,' by Dr. Richard Hennig, is a book of popular science, dealing with the 'occult phenomena' of hypnotic suggestion, the sub-liminal consciousness, and telepathy. The treatment is not unscientific, although it seems to us to go too far in the direction of credulity, or of willingness to accept as thinkable certain alleged happenings which to most well-balanced minds are flatly impossible. It must be admitted that Dr. Hennig is not without good company in his conclusions. Dr. J. Loewenberg's 'Deutsche Dichterabende' is a volume of studies in modern German literature. Among the subjects of the essays are Lenau, Frau von Ebner-Eschenbach, Herr Detlev von Liliencron, Herr Gustav Frenssen, and Herr Hauptmann. A thin volume reprints the 'Rede auf Schiller' of Jakob Grimm, an address given in Berlin in 1859, and very timely in this year of Schiller celebrations. An 'Auswahl aus den Kleinen Schriften von Jakob Grimm,' with an introduction by Dr. Schultze, gives us Grimm's 'Selbstbiographie,' his Schiller address, his address upon the death of his brother, and his paper upon his dismissal from Göttingen in 1837. This latter is a document of great importance in the history of the German struggle for intellectual freedom. Several brief philological papers are also included. Finally, this group of publications reprints in a handsome volume the trans-



lations made by the Grimm brothers of Ekkehard's 'Walthari-lied,' of 'Der Arme Heinrich,' and of the songs from the Elder Edda.

*Short cuts  
to health  
and strength.*

From ancestors whose work in the field and shop would have made anything in the nature of additional 'exercise' appear preposterous; the modern American has come to be a person who sits at a desk throughout the hours of sun and seeks to make up the resulting inevitable physical deficiencies by spasmodic movements of one sort and another in the privacy of his apartment. As a result he is accumulating at a rapid rate a library on the art of keeping well by devoting a few minutes to real muscular labor while spending many hours in doing his best to fall ill. Two contributions of this sort appear nearly simultaneously: Mr. George Elliot Flint's 'Power and Health through Progressive Exercise' (Baker & Taylor Co.), and Mr. H. Irving Hancock's 'The Physical Culture Life: A Guide for All Who Seek the Simple Laws of Abounding Health' (Putnam). Mr. Flint's book is devoted to proof that the way to get strong is to take those exercises, chiefly by the use of parallel bars and heavy weights, that make the utmost demand upon the muscles,—a proposition that would be self-evident to the least intelligent if there had not arisen a curious school which caters to the physically slothful by making them believe that great strength can be produced through trifling exertion. It is pleasant to find Mr. Flint not so wholly committed to his ideas that he is unwilling to concede to swimming the palm for being the best and most wholesome of all forms of physical effort. Mr. Hancock is in substantial agreement with Mr. Flint on the main question raised, and takes it rather for granted. He improves, we believe, on Mr. Flint's prescriptions by introducing a number of exercises in which the element of play and of rivalry enters, *passé-temps à deux* so to speak. A brief introduction to Mr. Flint's book, written by his father, Dr. Austin Flint, confirms the son's opinions, and the work is illustrated by photographs of the author in action. Mr. Hancock uses pictures of others, and he has much to say about hygiene in all its aspects. Both books should act as stimulants to the slothful and those whose waist line is growing unduly.

*A painter's  
essays on art.*

With keen insight and a peculiar warmth of description, Mr. Kenyon Cox has given us, in 'Old Masters and New' (Fox, Duffield & Co.), a series of appreciations of individual masters of art—a sort of *vade mecum* presenting, in a general way, the course of painting since the sixteenth century. The author states that his book has the unity of a point of view—that of a painter, seeing with his own eyes and not bound by authority; it expresses the feeling and the judgments of one who practices, with credit, one of the arts of which he writes. Much of the material used has appeared at different times during the past twenty years in various peri-

odicals, but it has been subjected to thorough revision, so that the more youthful essays contain no expressions which the author does not still hold. He points out that art in the past has been traditional, national, and homogeneous; art in our day has been individual, international, and chaotic. Modern means of communication and modern methods of reproduction have brought the ends of the earth together, and placed the art of all times and countries at the disposal of every artist. While in no sense a systematic history of art, Mr. Cox has so harmonized his colors, and weaved them into a symmetrical whole, that his work will appeal not only to the artist and scholar, but to the ordinary lay reader of intelligence.

*Chapters for  
the meditative  
fisherman.*

Polite learning of a delightful sort pervades the pages of the anonymous volume entitled 'Super Flumina: Angling Observations of a Coarse Fisherman' (John Lane)—the word 'coarse' in the sub-title referring to the quality of the fish caught and not at all to the angler himself. The book might be summarized briefly as a modern and more erudite revival of Izaak Walton, so gentle and humane is its attitude towards the finny tribe, so liberal and comprehensive its learning. In this latter respect, and in its knowledge of human nature, ancient and modern, it is reminiscent also of Montaigne. These things must indicate that it is a very good book indeed. There is a chapter of more than ordinary humor 'In Dispraise of the Latins,' inspired by the disrespectful attitude of the Romans toward fish in any other aspect than as a means of human sustenance. The Greeks gain the author's approbation, because they were so much more of the gentleman and so much less of the pot fisherman. Several chapters are devoted to specific 'coarse' fish, such as the pike, dace, perch, and chub, and these are shown to have virtues and characteristics quite at odds with the adjective used to describe the quality of their flesh. But there is a deal of practical learning also, and a plea for rational economy in the use of rods, reels, and flies. No better gift for an ingrained fisherman who preserves the meditative tradition could be found in recent literature.

*New volumes in  
the 'Musician's  
Library.'* A volume of 'Selections from the Music Dramas of Richard Wagner,' arranged for the piano by Mr. Otto Singer, is a recent addition to the 'Musician's Library' of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. The transcriptions are not too difficult for the ordinary amateur, and illustrate the eleven dramas from 'Rienzi' to 'Parsifal.' There are twenty-four numbers in all. A portrait of Wagner, a facsimile of 'Tristan' manuscript, a bibliography, and an introductory essay by Mr. Richard Aldrich, are the accessory features of this singularly welcome volume. Another addition to this series is a book of 'Twenty-four Negro Melodies,' transcribed for the piano by Mr. S. Coleridge-Taylor. This is an extremely interesting work. The com-



poser has sought to do for the melodies of his race what has been done for Hungarian and Bohemian and Norwegian melodies by Brahms, Dvorak, and Grieg. Each number is prefaced by the original melody in motto form, and consists of a series of variations upon the theme thus presented. The special interest of this work is that it gives us not only American plantation songs (which are to some degree sophisticated) but also primitive examples from several regions in Africa. Mr. Booker T. Washington provides the volume with an introduction.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

'The Athlete's Garland' (McClurg), compiled by Mr. Wallace Rice, is 'the first attempt in any language to gather together verses relating exclusively to athletic sports.' The volume is happily prefaced by a couplet from William Morris:

'For no fame may a man win better the while he hath his life  
Than from what his feet have accomplished, or his hands  
amid the strife.'

The selections are from a wide range of authors, English and American, and number about one hundred and fifty. Something like thirty sports and games are celebrated, the favorites being boating, cricket, football, and golf. Each of these subjects has a score or so of poems. Strange to say, an exhaustive search through Canadian literature yielded no pieces in celebration of la crosse and tobogganing, although the Canadian poets are otherwise well represented. Good taste and judgment characterize this selection throughout, and it is sure of a welcome from all lovers of sport.

The new 'Biographical' edition of Robert Louis Stevenson, now in course of publication by the Messrs. Scribner, finds its chief excuse for being in the series of introductions written by Mrs. Stevenson, on much the same plan as in Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's edition of Thackeray. These prefaces, though brief, are of much interest, and the edition is in all other ways an attractive one. The volumes are convenient in size, clearly and openly printed on thin paper, and bound in prettily-stamped maroon cloth. For the many who cannot hope to possess the expensive 'Edinburgh' or 'Thistle' sets, this edition will prove a decided boon, and we fancy that even the owners of those works will be glad to have this also. Six volumes have so far appeared.

'Shakespeare: The Man and his Works' is a little book published by Messrs. Sibley & Co. It has for its contents a reprint of all the matter about Shakespeare contained in 'Moulton's Library of Literary Criticism,' and thus serves the double purpose of calling attention to the merits of that admirable work and of providing students of Shakespeare with a compendium of the opinion of critics new and old concerning the greatest of poets and his separate plays.

'The Student's American History,' by Mr. D. H. Montgomery, is a text-book upon lines similar to those followed in the author's 'Leading Facts,' but is much fuller than that elementary work in its treatment of political and constitutional topics. It has all the teaching apparatus of the best type of modern high-school book, and may be cordially recommended. Messrs. Ginn & Co. are the publishers.

#### NOTES.

'The Corrected English New Testament,' edited by Mr. Samuel Lloyd, and given ecclesiastical approval in a preface contributed by the Bishop of Durham, is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Professor Albert S. Cook has edited for the Oxford Clarendon Press the Old English poem 'The Dream of the Rood,' attributed to Cynewulf. Ten pages of text to one hundred of apparatus is a statement of the proportions of this little volume.

'The Historic Role of France among the Nations' is a pamphlet publication of the University of Chicago. It gives us a translation, by Professor T. A. Jenkins, of the address given before the University last October by Professor Charles-Victor Langlois.

Messrs. John W. Luce & Co., Boston, publish a volume of 'Epigrams and Aphorisms,' selected from the writings of Oscar Wilde, and prefaced by Mr. George Henry Sargent, whose brief but sympathetic introduction predisposes the reader to appreciate what follows.

'Who Said That?' by Mr. Edward Latham, and 'Who Wrote That?' by Mr. W. S. W. Anson, are two reference books, of vest-pocket dimensions, published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. The nature of their contents is sufficiently indicated by their respective titles.

M. Georges Pellissier is the author of a volume of 'Etudes de Littérature et de Morale Contemporaines' (Paris: Cornély), which discourse mainly of modern French literature. Among the more recent authors considered in this score of brief essays are MM. Marcel Barrière, de Vogüé, Barrès, Prévost, and de Régner.

An anthology, for college use, of 'The Chief Poets of America' has been made by Mr. Curtis Hidden Page, and will be published later in the year by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The selections from each author will be prefaced by a brief biographical and critical introduction, and a full list of references.

'Briefs on Public Questions,' by Mr. Ralph Curtis Ringwalt, is a companion volume to that author's 'Briefs for Debate,' and is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. There are twenty-five subjects, each with a selected list of references. High-school and college students will give this book a warm welcome.

To the 'Temple Autobiographies,' published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., there has been added 'The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin,' edited by Mr. William Macdonald. This is one of the charming Dent reprints, and is noteworthy as being the first edition of the full and authentic text to be printed in England.

An English nature calendar entitled 'The Country Day by Day,' by Mr. E. Kay Robinson, will be published this month by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. The author has aimed to fit each day with its proper seasonal accompaniment in the form of a note about the life of birds, animals, insects, or some distinctive aspect of nature.

A volume of 'Specimen Letters,' selected and edited by Professor Albert S. Cook and Mr. Allen R. Benham, is a recent publication of Messrs. Ginn & Co. The collection is an admirable one, representative of every form of the epistolary art, and made particularly attractive to the general reader by its freedom from editorial encumbrances.

Among the books of the now half-forgotten seventeenth century lawyer, courtier, and author, Francis Quarles, perhaps the most interesting for the present-day reader is his 'Sions Sonets,' a poetical paraphrase of the Song of Songs. In this work Quarles succeeded in retaining no little of the impassioned beauty of the Hebrew book, and achieved besides a few flashes of original poetic fire. As was common in his day, Quarles regarded the Song as a religious allegory, representing the union of Christ and the Church; but beyond a few theological references in the form of footnotes, this interpretation is not forced upon the reader. In reprinting 'Sions Sonets' as one of their Riverside Press Editions, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have performed a grateful task. The little book is a charming one in every detail of make-up. It is printed on handmade paper of antique tone, from a large size of old-style type set within rules, the whole effect being a most successful imitation of seventeenth-century typography. The binding is of boards, appropriately crimson in hue. Four hundred and thirty copies only have been printed.

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[The following list, containing 80 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

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